



HE WAS RIGHT.

Cholley—DON'T YOU THINK SHE LOOKED AT ME?"

Jack—"FROM THE EXPRESSION OF CONTEMPT ON HER FACE, MY BOY, I THINK SHE DID."

The Mary Ann Jenkins' Cargo.
Here's one of the latest told in connection with Joseph Jefferson when he was a barnstormer under the management of Sol Smith: The "show" stranded in a Mississippi town. Luckily it was in the summer time, and the river was full of flatboats plying to and fro with produce and live stock.

It was the case of going the whole hog or none, so Sol Smith, who was an eloquent old actor, finally prevailed on the skipper, who was going down the river with a load of hogs, to give the actors free transportation. It may be imagined that the trip was not enjoyably spent in such unsavory company, but actors were not as particular in those days as they are now. One evening the flatboat passed a splendidly dressed southern ladies and gentlemen. The captain hailed the skipper of the flatboat:

"What boat is that?"
"The Mary Ann Jenkins, of Bummersport."
"And what kind of a cargo have you got on board?"
"Oh, not much of a one—only hogs and actors."—St. Louis Republic.

The Astute Employee.



Mrs.—He told me yesterday that he was going to make himself a necessity to his employer.
Mr.—He has. If they don't find him before he crosses the line they'll go under.—Life.

Nothing Happens on a Street Car.
"You must see a great deal of human nature in your position," said the young man with the notebook as he boarded a Broadway car.

"Well, I do, sir," doubtfully replied the conductor.
"All sorts of people ride with you, of course?"

"Perhaps they do."
"Men and women of almost every nationality ride up and down here."

"Please, move along up!" called the conductor as he put his head into the door.

"I suppose even rich men often try to beat you out of the fare?" continued the young man.

"Maybe so, but I never knew of a case," was the reply.

"Don't you observe a very selfish disposition on the part of a large per cent?"

"No."

"Doesn't a mean man act meaner on a car than anywhere else?"

"Perhaps, but I never noticed it."

"Haven't you noticed that women have no regard for each other?"

"No, sir."

"I presume you get a raking over now and then because you don't stop quick enough or because you carry some one past his street?"

"No, sir; I never do."

"Aren't there any peculiar people who ride on your car?"

"Never saw any, sir."

"Well, I am surprised!" said the young man with the notebook. "Where do the reporters get all these odd and funny little incidents which are supposed to happen on the street cars?"

"Out of their heads, sir," replied the conductor, as he helped a fat woman up the steps.

"And nothing ever happens on a street car?"

"Nothing, sir—Not on my car. I run from the Battery to Fifty-ninth street and back, and I collect fares and look after the passengers. That's all, sir. Fare, please."—New York Evening World.

Why the Dance Interested Him.

It was at an Old Orchard hotel last summer. A friend of mine whom I shall call Smith had enjoyed himself immensely and was just starting for the clerk's desk to get a fresh toothpick when he was accosted by a man of modest bearing who inquired:

"Excuse me, sir, but what was the name of that last dance you went through—that schottish, I mean?"

"Oh," replied Smith, "that? That was a gavot."

"A gavot? Something new?"

"Oh, not very new."

"Would you just as lief step into the waiting room and show me how you do it?"

Smith, who is a good natured man, complied, and quickly unraveled the snarl of the gavot, while the other "caught on" as rapidly as possible.

When the lesson was finished the stranger thanked Smith, saying:

"I am very much obliged to you, sir. I'm a teacher of dancing in Portland, and I want to keep up with the times."

A THRILLING RIDE.

Ten Pages of a Schoolgirl's Novel, and Goodby, Gum.

She got into a Woodward avenue car going north at the opera house crossing, and had no sooner got seated than she tore the paper off a parcel and began to devour the contents of a novel. At the same time she took a stick of gum from her pocket and stuffed it into her mouth.

First Page—Some slight exhibition of interest and vigorous efforts to get the gum rolled into a quid.

Second Page—Plot begins to develop and interest increases. Movements of the jaw still regular.

Third Page—Introduces the villain and the heroine. Heroine transcendently beautiful, villain an Al chap. Jaws now settling down to regular business.

Fourth Page—The villain gives away to the reader his cold blooded plot to carry the heroine off to a dungeon in case she won't be his'n. Goes away for a few days to put said dungeon in order. Jaws now working as steadily as the pendulum of an old Connecticut clock, schoolgirl also crosses her feet.

Fifth Page—Heroine makes up her mind not to marry the villain if the court knows herself. She conceals a butcher knife in the sleeve of her dress, and tries to calm her nerves by thrumming the wild guitar. Jaws now keeping time with the revolutions of the car wheels, three revolutions to one chaw.

Sixth Page—Enter the heroine's father. Loves his daughter and all that, but has traded mules so often that he is now dead broke and the house rent is due. Doesn't want to sacrifice her happiness, but if she could make up her mind to wed the villain it would be sugar in his pocket. Chaw! Chaw! Chaw!

Seventh Page—Heroine bursts into tears—real large tears—and throws herself at her father's feet. He calmly uses her for a footstool, and wants to know how in Texas they are going to pay a grocer and butcher and run two coal stores on check. At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the schoolgirl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Eighth Page—Heroine dashes the tears from her eyes and springs up to exclaim: "Father, I cannot do it! I do not love Heruando even a little bit, while I have solemnly promised to marry Alf Smith! If you love me—if you wish to cater to my future happiness—go out and strike a job and do a little honest perspiring."

Ninth Page—Old man retires to the woodshed to sit and think, and the heroine writes a letter to Alf to come and get her at once if he wants her. Sends the note by the servant girl, who loses it on the street and then runs away for fear of reprisals.

Tenth Page—Villain returns. Dungeon all prepared. Regular old homemade dungeon with all old fashioned ingredients. Heroine got to marry him or away she goes. Given fifteen seconds to make up her mind. She kicks, and he makes it seventeen. Time expires and he demands her answer. "No, villain—never!" she shouts.

At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the schoolgirl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Eleventh Page—Old man retires to the woodshed to sit and think, and the heroine writes a letter to Alf to come and get her at once if he wants her. Sends the note by the servant girl, who loses it on the street and then runs away for fear of reprisals.

Twelfth Page—Villain returns. Dungeon all prepared. Regular old homemade dungeon with all old fashioned ingredients. Heroine got to marry him or away she goes. Given fifteen seconds to make up her mind. She kicks, and he makes it seventeen. Time expires and he demands her answer. "No, villain—never!" she shouts.

At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the schoolgirl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Thirteenth Page—Old man retires to the woodshed to sit and think, and the heroine writes a letter to Alf to come and get her at once if he wants her. Sends the note by the servant girl, who loses it on the street and then runs away for fear of reprisals.

Fourteenth Page—Villain returns. Dungeon all prepared. Regular old homemade dungeon with all old fashioned ingredients. Heroine got to marry him or away she goes. Given fifteen seconds to make up her mind. She kicks, and he makes it seventeen. Time expires and he demands her answer. "No, villain—never!" she shouts.

At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the schoolgirl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Fifteenth Page—Old man retires to the woodshed to sit and think, and the heroine writes a letter to Alf to come and get her at once if he wants her. Sends the note by the servant girl, who loses it on the street and then runs away for fear of reprisals.

Sixteenth Page—Villain returns. Dungeon all prepared. Regular old homemade dungeon with all old fashioned ingredients. Heroine got to marry him or away she goes. Given fifteen seconds to make up her mind. She kicks, and he makes it seventeen. Time expires and he demands her answer. "No, villain—never!" she shouts.

At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the schoolgirl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Seventeenth Page—Old man retires to the woodshed to sit and think, and the heroine writes a letter to Alf to come and get her at once if he wants her. Sends the note by the servant girl, who loses it on the street and then runs away for fear of reprisals.

Eighteenth Page—Villain returns. Dungeon all prepared. Regular old homemade dungeon with all old fashioned ingredients. Heroine got to marry him or away she goes. Given fifteen seconds to make up her mind. She kicks, and he makes it seventeen. Time expires and he demands her answer. "No, villain—never!" she shouts.

At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the schoolgirl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Nineteenth Page—Old man retires to the woodshed to sit and think, and the heroine writes a letter to Alf to come and get her at once if he wants her. Sends the note by the servant girl, who loses it on the street and then runs away for fear of reprisals.

Twentieth Page—Villain returns. Dungeon all prepared. Regular old homemade dungeon with all old fashioned ingredients. Heroine got to marry him or away she goes. Given fifteen seconds to make up her mind. She kicks, and he makes it seventeen. Time expires and he demands her answer. "No, villain—never!" she shouts.

At that very moment the sheriff may be knocking at the door. Listens intently. Very exciting here, and the schoolgirl's jaws skip a cog—two of them.

Purchasing Silence.



In selecting frames for your pictures, see the latest styles and most durable makes at the new Lincoln frame and art company, 226 south Eleventh street.

Look Herpolshemer & Co. over for new evening novelties, millinery and gloves; the newest trimmings, Chiffons etc.

New etchings, many fine plates, just received. Come early. Crancers Art and Music store.

Hotelling the O street grocer has full line of Batavia, New York, fruit and vegetables, also their mince meat.

Dr. C. L. Snyder, Dental parlors, rooms 201-203, Grace building. Cor. O and 15th st.

The celebrated Egg Shampoo removes dandruff and promotes the growth of the hair. For sale by Miss Johnston, 1114 O street.

A new novelty "The Comical Case" for masquerade purpose only 10 cents, to be found at the Great 10 cent store, 118 south 12th street.

A new idea, The Glen Camera, only 90 cents at the Great 10 cent store, 118 south 12th street.

Hotelling the O street grocer says he is human and makes mistakes but will cheerfully rectify them. That is more than some will do.

Large assortment and lowest prices on dolls and toys at the Great 10c Store, 118 south Twelfth street.

A Christmas or New Year's Dinner at home is something to be remembered. Go home and partake of the coming one, it may be your last chance. Exceedingly low rates via the Union Pacific.

For full information see E. B. Stinson, Agent Union Pacific System, Lincoln, Neb.

Only the finest cuts and choicest meats served to customers of Chipman & Sheen, 1541 O street. Phone 180.

We sell the genuine Canon City too. Betts, Weaver & Co., 1045 O street. Telephone 440.

The Peninsular base burner is the latest improved heater in the market. Before buying, call and see a full line at Dunham & Buck, 1126 O street.

All meals at Odell's new dining hall reduced to twenty cents. No credit and no tickets to anyone. The meals are same as formerly and the price lower than ever. This makes the board at Odell's cheap and the best in the state for the money.

The Whitebreast Coal and Lime company is always at the front supplying the finest grades of all kinds of coal.

A full line of Picture Easels at Crancers Art and Music store.

Elegant line of holiday goods, novelties, toys and art goods at Herpolshemer & Co. at lowest prices.

Etchings, engravings, water colors, pastels, etc., artistically framed, make handsome Christmas presents.

CRANCER'S ART AND MUSIC STORE, 212 South Eleventh street.

100 finest engraved calling cards and plate for \$2.50 at THE COURIER office.

A Mystery Still.

Ballade.
I am learned in laws of hydrostatic,
In the theories of heat and light;
With a brain that is quite mathematic
I work out the problem of sight.
I can dilate on wrong and on right,
I can lecture on Jack and on Jill;
No problem is too recalcitrant,
But—your heart is a mystery still.

I can solve an inverted quadratic,
My acquaintance with Greek is not slight;
For the dialects, Doric or Attic,
I with equal facility write.
I can measure a meteor's flight,
I have studied both Plato and Mill;
I am deep, I am thorough, I'm bright,
But—your heart is a mystery still.

I excel in a fine acrobatic,
And can walk a wire shaky or tight;
I lay a stress very emphatic
On the fact that my health's at its height
But my learning seems useless and trite,
And wasted is all of my skill;
For now, in perfection's despite,
Your heart is a mystery still.

Envoy.
I have wooed thee by day and by night,
Yet you will not consent—what? "You might!"
Ah, you rogue! Come, a kiss—yes, you will—
But your heart is a mystery still.
—Princeton Tiger.

A Successful Play.

If you want a receipt for that popular mystery, known to the world as a Play to Succeed, Take precepts at once from lessons of history And throw in sensation in word and in deed. Take wives who are scandalous, wild and unvirtuous.

Sluggers, whose knowledge lies all in the fists; Tanks that are turbulent, boiling, impetuous; Sweet looking children whom none can resist.

The walling from Wall street, heartfit and cumbersome; Models half naked and posing for show; Horses in running and cows that are troublesome.

Engines and buzz saws that only half go; The dancing of Spaniards, wild eyed and sinister; The sowing of maxims; a large hearted minister.

The Star Spangled Banner; society's chatter; Dirtiness dressed in a garb that would flatter; Whispers of mortgages; sectional fights; Sensuous music and calcium lights—

Take of these elements all that is fusible, Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible, Set 'em to simmer and keep on the steam, And a Play to Succeed is the residuum.

—Philadelphia Music and Drama.

Married a Cook.

If he hadn't been fond of good living, they say, He might have been in singleness tarried; But he wanted a well prepared dinner each day.

And a cook he made love to and married. But he made a mistake when the maiden he took, If for a good cook he was looking; She declares that she didn't get married to cook.

But to have some one else do her cooking. —London Answers.

Why the Conductor Loves Her.

She's neither rich nor pretty, And in speech she isn't witty, She isn't cultured in the things that beautify a life.

But I have learned to love her Till there's naught a prize above her, And she has promised by and by to be my charming wife.

I see her going gayly To and from her duties daily, And while I know she's not so fair as other women are;

She doesn't climb off backward, With a tumble rude and awkward, I'll marry her because she knows just how to leave a car.

—Chicago Herald.

Henry Harpham, harness, saddlery and turf goods, 142 north Eleventh street, opposite pital Hotel.

One hundred finest engraved calling cards and plate only \$2.50 at Wesel Printing Co., 1136 N street.

Give us a call before buying elsewhere and you will find our prices the lowest. The Great 10c Store 118 south Twelfth street.

Remarque proof etchings 90c, former price \$4.00. Come early. Crancers Art and Music store.

Now is the time to get stoves for the winter. Dunham & Buck have a big line of all the finest makes. They also repair old stoves, set them up and furnish parts needed at reasonable cost. Call, 1136 O street or telephone 909.

Remarque proof etchings 90c, former price \$4.00. Come early. Crancers Art and Music store.

A PLAIN STATEMENT.
Ten years ago I was attacked by that dread disease, Catarrh. It began after I had had a bad cold as a stopping up of the nostrils so I could not breathe except through my mouth. It grew worse from year to year. I would hawk and spit almost constantly; my appetite was poor; bowels constipated; felt weak and unable to engage in any physical exertion; my ears began finally discharging a bad smelling substance and my nostrils pained me to breathe through them. I became alarmed. I had tried every thing and paid out a great deal to physicians. I finally went to the mountains near Denver. About September 1, 1891, I placed my case in Dr. Dennis' hands for treatment, and today, November 1, I consider myself entirely well. The cure has been a surprise, but a most happy one. I will take great pleasure in answering any inquiries about Dr. Dennis and his treatment. Any person can, by calling on Dr. Dennis, learn this gentleman's name and address, which he does not wish to have printed in the papers. He is an employee at one of the state institutions in this city and well known.

C. Warren Dennis, M.D.

Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Surgeon and Specialist; Catarrh, graduate of three medical colleges; 10 years' experience. Hundreds of cases successfully treated. Charges reasonable. Consultation free. Correspondence solicited. Patients at a distance treated by correspondence. References, many of the best people in Lincoln, who have been cured. Office, over First National Bank, 10th and O. Hours, 9 to 12, 2 to 5, and 7 to 9; Sundays 8 to 10.

BUYING CHRISTMAS SLIPPERS

—IS A—

Slippery Matter.

You are apt to get "slipped up on," and get something "shoddy" in the shape of old stock that will limber up and get flimsy after having been worn a week. But if you will

Step into Nisbet's,

you will make no such mistake, because his stock of Christmas slippers is

ENTIRELY NEW

and contains all the latest styles known to the trade in all kinds of

Leather, Plush, Velvet, Ooze, etc.

including all the latest decorations.

And don't forget that if your idea of a Christmas present runs a little more toward the *Substantial*, that he has the grandest stock of

FINE SHOES

for Men, Ladies, Misses and Infants, ever brought to Lincoln.

S. B. NESBIT,

THE PROGRESSIVE SHOE MAN, 1015 O ST

Next week Nesbit will give to each lady calling at his store, whether they make purchases or not, a beautiful souvenir.

HALLET'S

Is the Place to buy

Holiday Presents.

No such line to select from can elsewhere be found. An inspection will reveal this fact. You should not fail to see his large and varied line of

DIAMONDS, SILVERWARE, JEWELRY, CLOCKS, ETC.

Among the varied line may be found the following articles: Gold Headed Canes, Souvenir Spoons, Opera Glasses and Holders, Gold Eye Glasses, Carving Setts, Pearl Knives, Orange Sets, Soup Ladles, Nut Sets, Salt and Peppers, Butter and Fruit Knives, Fish Sets, Silver Baskets, Trays and Napkin Rings, Cake Knives, Dairy Spoons, and dozens of other beautiful and thoroughly artistic presents such as are most appreciated by the recipient. Don't fail to call at

EUGENE HALLET'S,

113 NORTH 11th.